

The Late Admiral.

Aunt Robina sat on the sand, and, although there was nobody near except Robert Henry to see her, she was immaculately spick and span—severely starched, fornette eyeglasses defiantly in place, the very slightest suggestion of powder, her ankles perhaps just a little more exposed than usual because of the extreme privacy of the beach which bordered the green lawns of her brother's house by the sea. A well-handled quarto lay open in her lap, and when Aunt Robina read it, at meditative intervals, she sometimes smiled proudly and sometimes waved her glasses at the Atlantic ocean with the satisfied majesty of one who had heretofore claimed upon the waves.

A paper pellet caught her shrimps in the back of the neck, just beneath her particularly neat collar of hair. Aunt Robina screamed shrilly and abandoned her reading, while she rubbed the wounded spot with her well-fitting tan gloves.

"Robert Henry van Gravelsoeck!" she cried. "How very rude and rough you are growing to be!"

A small boy came running, with apologetic pants, followed by a small dog, who delightfully barked at the irreproachable lady's discomfiture.

"I'm awfully sorry, auntie," said Robert Henry. "I was playing battle-ships, and I was the Oregon and you were the Spanish flag-ship, because your hat looked as if you were boss of the whole show, you know."

"Boss—Robert Henry? Show? May I beg the meaning of such a peculiarly vulgar phrase, my nephew?"

"O, well, you made a bully old Spaniard!"

"Robert Henry!" cried the indignant lady. "I shall not be called a Spaniard!"

"Well, anyhow, it was a rattling good shot, wasn't it? That was from a rapid-fire gun. Do sit still, auntie, and I'll go off and plug at you from my turret guns. Won't you please?"

"I shall do nothing of the kind! The ideal!"

Aunt Robina ruffled for a moment and then turned a benign eye on her nephew, now lying on the sand with the dog.

"Your play, Robert Henry," she said, with a magnanimous twirl of the head. "Is at times rude—I may say so. Yet—for I cannot forget our glorious ancestry—I am not at all displeased at noting the trend of your mind, as displayed in your sports. Perhaps, as you gently, meditatively added to the placid ocean, 'perhaps in swiftly coming years you may yet again know what it is to bear to victory the triumphant pennant of a van Gravelsoeck! How glorious the thought! How sweet the prospect! Wow! What are you doing, Robert Henry? Keep that dog away!"

"He won't bite your ankles, auntie. He only likes to snap at 'em."

Aunt Robina tucked in her feet carefully, shooed the puppy, and took up her book.

"Let me read to you, my dear nephew," said she, "a passage from the life of your great, great, great, great-grandfather. It will stir you to deeds of valor! Listen. What is it now, Robert Henry? I shall not allow you to—to poke me in the ribs that way!"

"Wait a minute," said the boy, with a frowning brow. "I didn't mean to poke so hard. I've never been able to quite get at the relation I am to the admiral, auntie. Let's try. Here's me, then there's dad; Rowdy is granddaddy; you needn't to howl so. Rowdy, I didn't pull his tail, auntie—I only nipped it. He's granddaddy. Then there's you—you are my great granddaddy. Why do you jump so? I didn't poke hard that time!"

"Stop such nonsense, sir," said his aunt. "And listen. It's most simple, I'm sure. The admiral (for, although he did use very abrupt language, at times, I cannot but believe a slight imperfection would make little difference in his claims to valorous sanctitude) was your great, great, great, great-grandfather!"

"That's six greats, auntie, and you only made five before. How's a boy to understand when you get mixed yourself?"

"Robert Henry, I never get mixed. I have always considered that 'no get mixed' is one of the most certain signs of a sane and unworthy line of forefathers. Do you suppose I appeal to those curleup billows, who, doubtless, remember—do you suppose the admiral ever got mixed?"

"I dunno," said Robert Henry, yawning. "What's the old boy been doing this morning?"

"I've been reading, my dear, of the occasion on which he attacked the nest of the notorious East Indian pirate, Silt-Your-Gullet McPerson, a Scotchman of the greatest notoriety—although not a novel."

"Tell you what, auntie," Robert Henry interrupted. "I'll take you for a row round the bay, and you can sit in the stern and read. It will be cooler."

That offer was graciously accepted, and when the lady was seated her nephew pulled gently backward, while the pup lay between his feet, and made her "go ahead."

Aunt Robina read with great precision and proper emphasis, and befitting the recital of the deeds of her glorious ancestor, the renowned Admiral Van Gravelsoeck, the very much day.

"Say, Auntie, I'd rather have been a pirate than an admiral, wouldn't you? Pirates always got treasure, and admirals don't get very much pay."

"I am astonished, Robert Henry, at your mercenary spirit. A pirate, I imagine to have been the vilest of mankind—picturesque at a distance, but infamous near at hand."

"Well," said Robert Henry, practically. "He had the treasure, anyhow, Go on."

"Van Gravelsoeck ran his sloop of war boldly between the pirates' schooners. They grappled him together, and again and again did the Dutchman repel their boarders. For many hours the fight lasted; the gallant seaman found himself overpowered, and only with the greatest difficulty and by the most superhuman bravery and skill did he finally extricate himself, having, however, dealt the pirate horde a blow which for a long time paralyzed them."

"But," said Robert Henry, with great satisfaction, "old 'Silt-Your-Gullet' kept the treasure. Bully for him! Oh, auntie, I should like an island far away, all cocoa palms and caves, and I would be 'Silt-Your-Gullet'!"

"And take ships and make 'em walk the plank!"

"Robert Henry van Gravelsoeck!" "And you'd be a fair lady and I would make you a pirate's bride!"

"My darling Robert, how enthusiastic you are, to be sure!"

"And then," said the admiral's descendant, "I'd go sailing, sailing, sailing so far away, and sing the hymn of the king of Spain like what's-his-name."

"Mind your ears, Robert Henry, please."

"And I'd defy old creation!"

"And I'd walk right up to the great mogul with my hand on my sword hilt!"

"Be careful, Robert Henry!"

"And I'd say, 'Now, you old chump! and stand up—Ow! my back's broken!'"

"What have you done, Robert Henry?"

"I caught a crab," said the boy, struggling to his feet, ruefully.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! the horrid thing!" Aunt Robina screamed, pulling in her feet beneath her. "All claws. Throw it overboard. Where is it?"

"I mean—"

"You said you caught a crab!"

"I mean—"

"Pish it out!"

"I MEAN!"

"Robert Henry! Throw it overboard!"

"Oh, do keep still, Auntie. If you were to fall back in a boat with your legs in the air—"

"Robert Henry! I would not have believed you could suggest it! I never, never did such a thing."

"Well—that would be catching a crab! I wish you'd listen."

"The ideal!" said Aunt Robina, much ruffled. "Now be good and listen to me while I read of the great admiral's fight with a galleon of Spain."

"Yep! Go ahead!"

"Admiral van Gravelsoeck was at this time at the zenith of his fame. At the mention of his name the most valiant don was accustomed to quiver and tremble. Don Jose Mantilla de Floravio de Vanilla y Torador de Thomasio Rotto."

"Say, auntie, what are you giving me?"

"Be quiet. He was doubtless of a very old and honorable family, and as such to be respected. Don Jose—"

"Swallow it whole, auntie, and go on."

"Was a foeman worthy of the great Hollander's steel. The mighty ships of war came swiftly on, on a port, starboard and hard tack. The admiral waited grimly the moment when he could deliver a broadside. With full determination he nursed his wrathful brows. The moment came at last. The volleying thunders of the cannon crashed, and the great Spaniard reeled from the shock."

"Hooryay!"

"Keep Rowdy quiet, Robert Henry. I will not have him snapping at my toes. The Spaniard responded, but once more Van Gravelsoeck's monsters spoke, and down came the mainmast of the galleon."

"Hooryay!"

"The giant Spaniards, however, refused to lower their flag. The Dutchman then brought his ship to close quarters and proceeded to grapple. It was at this moment, when about to leap aboard at the head of his men, that he uttered the memorable words, now engraved on his monument, which translated mean 'Sick 'em boys!'"

"Whoop! Hooryay for Van!"

"Now all was gone and glory, and Spanish blood flowed in gallons."

"Hooryay! Remember the Maine!"

Aunt Robina was trembling with excitement! Robert Henry lay on his oars, entranced; Rowdy yelled with joy. Over the waves came a loud yell:

"Aunt Robina and Robert Henry were too busy to hear."

"Yield!" cried the great admiral. "Never, replied the gallant don. Then take the consequences!" said the admiral. "I will leave no man alive!"

"Remember the Maine!" came a cry over the sea. But aunt and nephew never heard.

"The don ran to the magazine. In a moment there was a terrible explosion. 'Hooryay! Remember the Maine!'"

"Robert Henry!" cried the horrified lady. "What did I hear? Such language!"

"It's what the fishermen say down at the point! That's all right! Go on."

"Now, you in that boat!"



FRENCH FALL TAILOR GOWN FROM HARPER'S BAZAR.

A gown of light weight mixed wool in a small checked pattern of fawn, very fashionable for fall gowns this autumn, is trimmed with velvet bands strapped again in the centre with lady's cloth of a pale tint, so closely that very little of the velvet shows between. The illustration which is reproduced from Harper's Bazar, and for which cut paper patterns may be secured, gives an idea of the cut of the gown.

The circular skirt is attached to the back without any visible fastenings just at the waist line, hanging lower down in easy graceful fold and perfectly straight in front, where the band trimming is curved apron-fashion in double rows. The width of the skirt at the hem is four and a half yards; the lining

and outside are cut the same form, and are seamed and faced in the usual manner.

The jacket in the style of a Zouave is cut away sharply in front, just above the waist line. The double revers, rather wide and pointed, roll back over a chemise of cream-colored silk muslin, pleated and finished with a great soft bow at the neck. The jacket, in the back, is fitted closely to the figure and finished with double basques open behind and curving to the front, the belt of black velvet with gilt buckle concealing the seams.

A high flaring medallion collar is the finish at the neck, and the decorations of the jacket are bands similar to those of the skirt, with groups of cameo buttons, that appear also on the skirt front.

"I thought enough of what I had said concerning socks to repeat it. 'How much d'yer want to pay?'"

Before I had time to reply, the other party to the dialogue said: "Oh, Rose, are you going to the Ninth Ward Gentlemen's Sons' picnic?"

"If me mother gets me dress done in time, how much d'yer want to pay?" she asked me. She was evidently annoyed at me. She had not asked me to come to her counter.

"Er—ten cents," said I, being flustered.

"We don't have 'em as cheap as that." Then to her friend: "Say, I was to the ban' concert at the park Sunday afternoon, and it was just 'rank."

"Never mind who took me." This with a fascinating leer. "We got some socks for a quarter. Oh, that reminds me. Stella Scanlon has a noo-steady an' he's a terrible good-looking."

"He must make Stella look sick."

"I guess I won't wait for those socks," said I.

It had just come over me that I was decidedly out of place.

"Becky Halloran lost her job last week. She was too inattentive, the floorwalker said."

I saw the floorwalker just then, but I didn't say anything. I took the point of view that I had intruded upon a social function to which I had not been asked, and I bought my socks at a "gentleman's furnishing store," where they don't have "conversations."—Life.

Woman in Business.

From the Free Press, Detroit, Mich.: A prominent business man recently expressed the opinion that there is one thing that will prevent women from completely filling man's place in the business world—they can't be depended upon because they are sick too often.

This is refuted by Mrs. C. W. Farrar St., Detroit, Mich., who says:

"A complication of female ailments kept me awake nights and wore me out. I could get no relief from medicine and hope was slipping away from me. A young lady in my employ gave me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I took them and was able to rest at night for the first time in months. I bought more and took them and they cured me as they also cured several other people to my knowledge. I think that if you should ask any of the druggists of Detroit, who are the best buyers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they would say the young women. These pills certainly build up the nervous system and many a young woman owes her life to them."

"As a business woman I am pleased to recommend them as they did more for me than any physician and I can give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People credit for my general good health to-day."

No day is so weary of modern civilization as when times have done so much to enable women to take their proper place in life by safe-guarding their health as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, invigorating the body, regulating the functions, they restore the strength and health to the exhausted woman when every effort of the physician proves unavailing.

For the growing girl they are of the greatest benefit, for the mother indispensable, for every woman invaluable. For paralysis, locomotor ataxia, and other diseases long supposed incurable, these pills have proved their efficacy in thousands of cases.

B. & O. Sunday Excursions on Fourth Division.

Commencing Sunday, May 29, and every Sunday thereafter, until September 25, inclusive, the Baltimore & Ohio will sell excursion tickets to and from all stations between Wheeling and Grafton, good returning date of sale, at one fare for the round trip, with ten cents added.

COL. BRYAN'S CALL

At the War Department and on the President.

REQUESTING THE DISCHARGE

OF MEMBERS OF HIS REGIMENT WHO DESIRE TO RETURN HOME "AS THERE IS NO FIGHTING IN SIGHT—NEBRASKA'S QUOTA EXCEEDED BY 700 MEN—GOVERNOR HOLCOMB JOINS WITH BRYAN IN HIS PLEA—PRESIDENT TAKES THE MATTER UNDER CONSIDERATION."

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—Colonel Bryan, of the Third Nebraska, with Governor Holcomb and Representative Stark, were again at the war department to-day and called on General Corbin. Colonel Bryan submitted a few more papers requesting the discharge of members of his regiment. It is stated at the department that all the applications for discharge submitted by Colonel Bryan yesterday and to-day will have to pass through the regular military channels and the final determination will be the recommendation of the corps commander, who is Major General Fitzhugh Lee.

The party later had another interview with President McKinley. At its close Governor Holcomb authorized a statement as to the request which they had submitted. He said: "We did not confine our representations to the Third Nebraska regiment, but made it embrace all the Nebraska troops in the field. Nebraska raised three regiments for the war. Of these the First regiment is in Manila, the Second is on furlough and the Third, which is the regiment commanded by Colonel Bryan, is in Florida. Leaving the Second regiment out of consideration, we have 2,652 soldiers in the field. This exceeds our quota by about 700 men, on the basis of an army of 100,000 and we have asked that the Nebraska force be so reduced as to bring it down to something near the correct proportion. Our companies are all of the maximum of 106 men, and we have suggested to the President the advisability of reducing them to the minimum of eighty-six men. This would make a reduction of 600 in the two regiments, and bring the Nebraska representation in the army almost to its proper place. This arrangement would permit the weeding out of men whose circumstances are such as to appeal especially to the authorities for relief. There are many of these and the list is not inclined to sick men. There are many of our volunteers who left lucrative positions to go to the war and who have families dependent upon them and for whom we are seeking to secure relief."

Governor Holcomb added that the request was made on behalf of the enlisted men only and not in the interest of the officers. "They have the privilege of resigning if they desire to get out of the service," he said. In this connection the governor stated that no representations had been made concerning the attitude of Colonel Bryan personally, and he could not say whether the colonel would seek to resign or secure a furlough. "All I know positively concerning his plans is that he will start to Jacksonville to rejoin his regiment to-night."

The President took the representations of the delegation under consideration, promising to give his response at an early date. Governor Holcomb will leave for home to-morrow and hopes to have the President's reply before starting.

MORGANTOWN MATTERS.

Memorial Services to be Held in Respect of a Late Student.

SPECIAL DISPATCH to the Intelligencer. MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Sept. 23.—The West Virginia University will hold a memorial service early in October in honor of Holland D. Thompson, of Hampshire county, a law student of last year, who died while returning from the campaign of Santiago in a hospital ship.

No details of his death can be gathered but a letter written to his mother a few days before he left of his illness and recites among other details of misadventure that he had nothing to eat for three days. The memorial services will be followed by the dedication of a tablet to be placed in one of the walls of the law building. The board of regents, faculty and student body will participate in the services and Governor Atkinson and staff will be asked to attend and it is expected the governor will make an address, and there will be an original poem by Mr. Waiman Harbe.

Cards have been issued announcing the coming marriage of Miss Persis Hargrave Heermans, of Kingwood, who is well known in the social circles of this section, to Mr. J. Russell Trotter. Mr. Trotter is at present the state superintendent of free schools. The wedding will take place October 5 at "The Pines," the home of the bride's parents.

Commissioner Peck's Diplomacy. WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 23.—An agreeable impression has been created in connection with the arrival at Paris of the United States commissioner to the world's fair, Mr. Ferdinand Peck, according to word received here. The French press is much pleased with a speech of Mr. Peck in which he linked together the names of Lafayette and Cambon, the present ambassador at Washington in the following words: "Lafayette and Cambon. The Knight of Liberty of the Eighteenth Century, and the wise diplomat of the nineteenth century. The fraternity inaugurated by the immortal Lafayette more than a hundred years ago is again cemented by the friendly diplomacy of the ambassador of France in promoting the blessing of peace that have come after our recent struggles with a foreign foe."

Starting the Wheels of Business. SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 23.—An Associated Press correspondent, writing from Manila under date of August 30, says:

"The work of getting the wheels of business in the harbor of Manila in motion, has been intrusted to Captain Henry Glass, of the United States steamer Charleston. One of his first duties was that of taking an inventory of all the ships that fell into Admiral Dewey's hands on the 1st inst. This includes everything afloat, either on the bay or river, which means a radius of forty miles and its value is about \$1,800,000. To aid Captain Glass and Lieutenant Braunsrother in the work, five officers were detailed from Admiral Dewey's fleet. Ensign Moffet has been busy with gun cotton and dynamite blowing up the wrecks that were sunk in the Pasig river and the outer harbor, and of the twenty or thirty wrecks in the river nearly all have been destroyed so that the ships drawing fifteen feet of water may now enter and come to the wharves."

HEALTH



MY ADVICE TO WEAK MEN.

To those suffering from the results of youthful errors or later excesses, such as Drains, Impotency, Nervous Debility, Lame Back, Varicocele, etc., I would offer the following advice, based on an experience of thirty years as a specialist in such troubles.

Avoid improper thoughts.

Seek proper companions. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

To yourself be true.

When you retire to bed go to sleep, and do not allow your imagination to play havoc with your better judgment.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

Avoid the medicine quacks.

Lastly, get my famous

ELECTRIC BELT

and suspensory and assist nature by using her own natural restorer. Follow these suggestions faithfully, and I promise you safe health, strength, vigor and happiness as you have never known.

I cannot do better than describe the action of my Belt in the language of a patient who was cured. He says:

"Almost from the first hour's use of your wonderful Electric Belt I felt a change. I seemed to realize that a great force was working for my good, and felt comfortable in the knowledge that there were no more nasty drugs to be taken, and knew that no possible harm could result. A new life after awhile seemed to open to me, and I found myself a man among men. I am no longer weak, and the drains have ceased entirely. My back is as strong as ever it was, and I enjoy every hour of my happy life."

The above testimonial is only one of many thousands. Last year we received an average of nearly twenty testimonials a day. Write for book, "Three Classes of Men," which explains all and is sent in plain sealed envelope.

DR. T. A. SANDEN, 826 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

has kept up with the result that there has been over production and a consequent tendency toward lower prices. The shut down will be indefinite.

The Cerruti Case.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 23.—Ambassador Cerruti, of Italy, is taking a long vacation at Rome and is not expected back to his post here before next December, at which time it is probable that Baron Cerruti, who has spent much time abroad in recent years will return with him. The presence of the ambassador at Rome also will give opportunity for personal conference on the Cerruti case, which recently promised a serious rupture between Italy and Colombia, and which, according to late dispatches has led to a severance of diplomatic relations between the two countries.

MR. FRESHLY PRESSES THE BUTTON.



1—Mr. Freshly—Let me thee yoah new toy, Tommy.



2—Ah, it's one of those thymbal playahs. You pwess the button, I thupphat.



3—Curran.



"What would you take for this cold?"
"I don't know. What do you ask for it?"